

VOL. 13, NO. 41.

CONNELLVILLE, PA., TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 29, 1914.

EIGHT PAGES.

PRESIDENT WILSON DECLARES BRITAIN MUST PAY HEAVILY FOR INROADS ON U. S. TRADE

Asserts That Damages Will
be Claimed for Raids
on Ships.

AUSTRIANS LOSE THE PASSES

Keep Up Their Record of Brutal
Maneuvers; Germans Capture Im-
portant Positions in Warfare of the
Trenches, Britons Admitting Loss.

By Associated Press

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—President Wilson, referring today to the American note to Great Britain insisting on better treatment for American commerce, declared that large damages eventually would have to be paid by England for unlawful detention of American cargoes.

The President completed a confirmation of this position a publication of the note and the statement that the Government could deal confidently with the subject only if supported by the fact that it was in the hands of the American government.

Supplementary to previous protests the new note, President Wilson explained, represented fully the position of the United States, saying that he was as strongly as ever in the belief that no debate on the point raised because England and herself, in previous years, had taken exactly the American position.

AUSTRIANS BEATEN, BUT
GERMANS GAIN IN WEST

LONDON, Dec. 29.—English observers of the progress of the war point this morning to the admission in the Austrian official announcement that Russia is once more master of the passes in the Carpathian mountains and that the Russian army is now in a position to advance into the Balkans.

On the other hand, the withdrawal of the Austrian army from the Carpathians is a serious blow to the Russian position. The Russian army is now in a position to advance into the Balkans.

YANKEE WARSHIPS MADE
NO THREATS ON TURKS

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—The American navy, according to the Turkish official announcement, is not in a position to advance into the Balkans.

MINOR GAINS CLAIMED
BY THE FRENCH FORCES

PARIS, Dec. 29.—The French official statement of the progress of the war, according to the Turkish official announcement, is not in a position to advance into the Balkans.

ADVANCES ARE MADE BOTH
EAST AND WEST BY GERMANS

BERLIN, Dec. 29.—The German official statement of the progress of the war, according to the Turkish official announcement, is not in a position to advance into the Balkans.

SCANDINAVIAN LOSSES
IN NORTH SEA ARE HEAVY

STOCKHOLM, Sweden, Dec. 29.—The total losses to Scandinavian ships, according to the German official statement, are not in a position to advance into the Balkans.

FRANCHISES HIS WIFE

Field Marshal Von Hindenburg and Aids; They Lead Army of 1,000,000 in Poland



FIELD MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG (*) AND STAFF

AIMS AT HIS SWEETHEART, MAN SLAYS A LITTLE GIRL

Jealous Jersey Sutor Said to Have
Confessed Shooting Child

By Associated Press
MILWAUKEE, N. J., Dec. 29.—The mystery surrounding the killing last night of six-year-old Beatrice Bailey, who was struck by a bullet that came through a window at the home of her grandmother near here, where she was spending the holidays, was cleared up today when George Hann, 29 years old, was arrested and confessed, according to the police, that he had accidentally shot the child while trying to kill his sweetheart.

The little victim was the daughter of Mrs. William Bailey of this place. She was seated at the supper table when the fatal bullet came through the window. There was no sign to the investigators that a young woman, member of the family, told the police that Hann had been jealous of her. Hann was found at his home and after he was told of the death of the child he confessed the police said that he had fired at his sweetheart and was sorry to learn that the child was the victim of his aim.

MAKES SERIOUS CHARGES

Startling Allegations are Set Forth
When Wife is Sued for Divorce.

Special to The Courier
SOMERSET, Dec. 29.—Sensational allegations are contained in a bill in divorce filed in the Somerset court today by Edwin Freeman of Haverhill, against his wife, Minnie, the daughter of a prominent family.

Liberal charges his wife with being unfaithful to him with one Charles Armstrong of Haverhill, and other unnamed persons. Another allegation is that she has been unfaithful to him with one Charles Armstrong of Haverhill, and other unnamed persons.

WAIVE A HEARING

Squire Witham and Blackburn Take
Their Cases to Court.

Squire John Witham of Dunbar and Lloyd Blackburn of town waived a hearing at Alderman Munk's office yesterday afternoon and gave bail for court.

THE WEATHER FORECAST

Forecast for the week ending Dec. 31, 1914.

COLD SNAP BROKEN

Drizzle Chases the Snow to Disappear; Streets Slippery

The cold snap was broken by a mild spell which set in yesterday with the result that there has been a steady thaw. This morning it began drizzling and the cold snap was broken.

NEW RAILROAD MERGED
WITH THE MONONGAHELA

One Management Will Operate the
Two Systems Reaching into
West Virginia.

Details have been completed for the merger of the Monongahela railroad and the Buchanan & Northern. A new charter will be obtained for the Monongahela company, operating from Brownsville to Farmington, and connecting with the Monongahela railroad at that point.

OFFICERS ARE ELECTED

Poultry Association Also Gives Date
for 1915 Exhibition.

The Fayette County Poultry Association met at Uniontown last evening, elected officers and fixed the date for the 1915 exhibition. The officers named were as follows:

COUNCIL TO MEET

Will Discuss Budget at Closing Meeting of the Year.

Candidates Early

Many of Them Want to Carry Mail
Over New Route.

THE WEATHER FORECAST

Forecast for the week ending Dec. 31, 1914.

SHOW PEOPLE, STRANDED, WILL PLAY TO LIFT THEIR TRUNKS

Arrange Benefit Performance in Order
to Meet a Board Bill and
Get Out of Town.

The "Duckling and Bachelor Club" show which appeared at the Arcade last part of last week is stranded here. Evidently the town has become a bad one for the actors.

SALTICK TOWNSHIP
BOY KILLS BROTHER
WHEN GUN GOES OFF

Tragedy Occurs While Pair
are on Way Home From
Neighbor's.

LOAD LUGGAGE IN YOUTH'S BACK

Coroner and County Detective Will
Hold a Post Mortem This Afternoon
and Determine What Action is to
be Taken; Accident, It is Claimed.

CONNELLVILLE LEADS

Four of Five in Preliminary Law Test
Are From Here.

FOOLED THE COPS

They Turn the Trick by Sending Riley
Up for 10 Days.

WILL GET HEARING

Joe Betters is Accused of Disturbing
a Religious Meeting.

ARRESTED FOR THEFT

Two Foreigners Nabbed for Stealing
Copper from B. & O.

SCOTSDALE

Special to The Courier.
SCOTSDALE, Dec. 29.—George Laid, the popular boxer and manager of W. W. Seemann's boxing school, came near getting a live Christmas gift, but it arrived a couple of days late. Now he is getting up the spunk over the arrival of a new one. The youngster was so big that the doctor's scales would not weigh it, the boy afterwards pulling down the scales lowered from the high street grocery to 14 pounds, the biggest boy to come to town in a long time.

CLARK STEVENSON.

Clark Stevenson died on South Side, Pittsburgh, on Sunday night. He was a brother of the late Samuel R. Stevenson of this place, and Allen Stevenson of West Chester, and Mrs. William Laid of Ligonier.

On Chestnut street between Parker and Pittsburgh streets, a pile of eggs given by Edward H. Robinson to 401 Parker avenue in Bell phone 121, on 14—Adv.

NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. James Hinton and Mrs. Lizzie Hinton were visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Burton of Uniontown on Friday.

Mrs. George T. McNish of Altoona, was shopping here on Monday.

Mrs. Sarah Moore of Owsenale, was calling on friends here Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Miller of Youngstown, O., were the guests of their parents Mr. and Mrs. James H. Hinton on Christmas.

Miss W. H. Hinton, one of the students of the Ind. State Normal, is spending her holiday vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hinton.

John V. Chambers of the Scottsdale Machine & Manufacturing Company, spent the holidays at his home in Washington, Pa.

Miss Adeline Anderson is home from a two-week school vacation, spending her holidays with her mother, Mrs. Hector A. Anderson.

Charles J. Doherty of Indian Run, was visiting John L. Byrne on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo J. Meier of Harrisburg were here over Christmas and the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McConner.

Miss Helen Walter, a student at the Indiana State Normal School, is spending her holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Walter.

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All Xmas Novelties 1/4 Off
All Christmas novelties consisting of French Ivory, Ribbon novelties, Silver Comb and Brush sets one-fourth off

KOBACKER'S
THE BIG STORE
ON PITTSBURGH ST.

All Toys at 1/2 Off
Our Big Special: Two heaping tables of iron, mechanical and all kinds of toys while they last, all at one-half off.

OUR Tremendous Reductions on Women's & Misses' Apparel IS STILL IN PROGRESS

Hundreds Upon Hundreds of Right in Fashion Winter Suits, Coats, Dresses, Skirts, Etc. Are Offered Today and All This Week at One-Third and One-Half Off.

What this extraordinary offer embraces is not so easy of enumeration. A full description would be too involved—a brief description too inadequate. So we shall not attempt to give either, but the fact that our prices, quality considered, are always appreciably lower than the average in the first place, this extraordinary reduction ought to be of the greatest interest to every economical woman in the city. No matter what appointment or engagement you have, don't miss this all-important event.

INDIAN CREEK.

INDIAN CREEK, Dec. 28.—J. H. Pringley of Mill Run, is a business dealer in Connellsville and Uniontown today.

George Colburn of the sport, spent a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Colburn at Mill Run.

Samuel McLean of Scottsdale, spent over Sunday with his parents at Jones Mill.

J. J. Beer spent a few hours at Mount Erie last evening.

Ray Sparks of Connellsville, spent over Sunday with relatives and friends at Indian Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sparks of Connellsville, spent over Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Work at Indian Creek.

W. P. Miller of Rogers Mill, was a business caller here today.

Mrs. Catharine Jones of Pittsburgh, spent over Sunday with her father, J. M. Hill.

A. W. Nicholson of Franklin, spent Sunday with his family at Mill Run.

S. M. Hutchison of Mill Run, is a business caller in Connellsville today.

G. D. Dwyer of Connellsville, is a business caller here today.

Rev. Stillwagon of Connellsville, has started the revival meetings at this place.

W. J. Gaudin was a business caller at Indian Creek yesterday.

Patrolmen those who advertise.

Classified Advertisements
Cost but one cent a word, and bring results. Try them.

File and Trust Company's Western Pennsylvania

The Test of Experience

amply proves that the most substantial advancement is made by having a bank account—to which regular deposits are made.

Do not speculate. For Safety, start an account with us.

4% Interest Paid on Savings Accounts.

Union National Bank, Connellsville, Pa.

West Side

Union National Bank, Connellsville, Pa.

West Side

Union National Bank, Connellsville, Pa.

West Side

Union National Bank, Connellsville, Pa.

ROCKWOOD.

ROCKWOOD, Dec. 28.—Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Miller of Pittsburgh, are guests during the week of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Miller of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Miller and family who have been the guests of the latter's parents here for several days, returned to their home in Pittsburgh yesterday.

Miss Pearl Smith of Connellsville, is spending the holidays with her grandfather and other Rockwood relatives.

One Cold a Week
for classified advertisement. Try them.

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Soisson Paving Block

A Synonym for Excellence.

Abrasion Loss per cent. 10.26
Absorption Gain per cent. 2.25
Crushing Strength per sq. in. 12,975 lbs
Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory, Oct. 14, 1914. John M. Bailey, Secretary.

Shipments during month of October, 9 in. count, 2,688,963.

75% of our ten plants running full on Paving Block and High Grade Building Brick.

Joseph Soisson Fire Brick Co.
CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

Efficient Service and Courteous Treatment

Has enabled us, within the past year, to double the number of our customers. Quite a number of persons and societies, with surplus funds, who do not want to tie up their money subject to the rules of a regular 4% account, are taking advantage of our special 3% accounts. If you are a customer of this bank you will always find us willing to extend any reasonable accommodation or satisfactory security.

Our Customers Always Receive the Preference.
If you have a little ready money it will pay you to open an account with us. Become acquainted, and take advantage of our service.

The Colonial National Bank
of Connellsville, Pa. Main and Pittsburg Sts.

4% interest paid on Certificates and Time Deposits. Foreign Department equipped to give the best of service.

YOUGH TRUST COMPANY, CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

Capital \$ 200,000.00
Surplus and Profits 16,000.00
Resources 1,190,000.00

FOUR PER CENT. PAID ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS.

FOR THE WORKINGMAN
SOUTH CONNELLSVILLE
LOTS ARE BARGAINS.

By C. A. Voight.

PETEY DINK—But Then Mabel Doesn't Smoke.

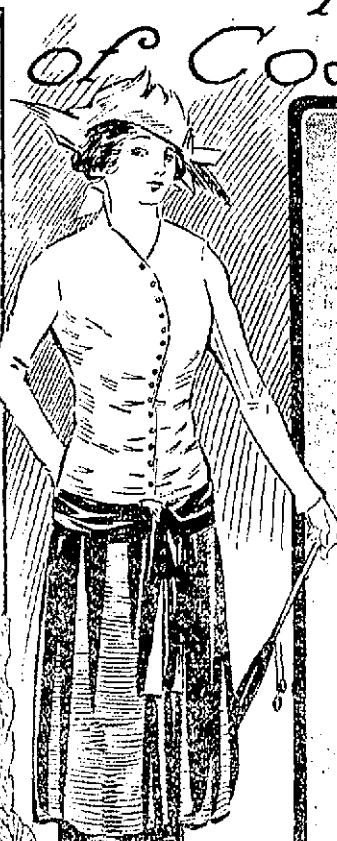


HATS for WINTER

Match Picturesqueness of Costumes



Seemingly Unstudied but Exclusively Smart This Arrangement of Braided Ostrich



The Picture Hat was Never More Picturesque

Sailors and Turbans, Eccentrically Brimmed the Mainstay of New Millinery - Feathers Crushed Flat and Mounting To Unparalleled Heights - Blackbirds Perch Saucily On Small Hats.

Some of the most charming hats are those which may be termed "picture hats," and which may be seen in the window of the milliner. Most of the chocolate-colored hats and turbans are imported and their price just now is beyond the price of rubies. The beginning velvet hat, just referred to, is a Suzanne Tallon model of chocolate velvet, with crushed feathers in an exactly matching shade of brown. These velvet turbans in brown and dull, soft red, lie in the curve of the brim across the front. The hat accompanies a tall, embroidered with black silk bands. Do not overlook the fringe of monkey fur at the edge of the great satin collar for this is a very smart detail of trimming.

Now for the second brown hat just referred to. In itself this hat is a French - who can contradict this statement? For the character of ostrich feathers, one look at them and they had been caught out in the rain and then sat on after the hat had been tossed into a chair. But this dramatic effect is precisely what fashion has prescribed, and the little turban is one of the most distinguished models for fall.

Straw Hats for Winter Wear. You think the model under consideration looks a little like a straw hat, which seems astonishing at this season. Not at all; straw hats are the grand chic for autumn and winter wear - just as velvet hats were favored by capricious Paris for mid-summer. Not a few of the new winter models shown at recent openings have combined straw with velvet and fur - an anomaly of course, but true none the less. The first turban is of the "pill-box" variety; that is, it is a crown with a brim, though the band of brown velvet folded up against the crown gives the effect of a turban-brim. The braided ostrich feathers start from the center of the crown and tumble in all directions over the edge. Their color catches that of the tete de negre hat exactly.

Sailors Fringed with Ostrich and Monkey. Sometimes the delicate braided ostrich is used to fringe a wide-brimmed sailor, as appears in the model by George. From this house every season come various new sailors, one of which is usually adopted as a salient style of the year; for George's sailor is far-famed and their lines are always designed to produce an effect of incompleteness. The smart George sailor pictured is of black velvet band with white moire ribbon which is pleated into an elongated cocoon at one side. While braided ostrich plumes have been delicately split in half at the rib and laid on the velvet brim, the feather ends falling over the side in a soft fringe. Monkey fur is used in the same way on wide and narrow-brimmed sailors, but monkey has a spiky and harsh suggestion, very unlike the soft feathery fringe of the braided ostrich. A Robux sailor of black velvet has a narrow, even brim fringed all around with monkey fur which droops over the narrow brim into the wearer's eyes. Above the band of fur is a smart band of white-edged black moire ribbon with mitred ends at one side exactly like the ribbon ends on a small boy's summer sailor hat.

As delicately feathery and fringed like the braided ostrich, is peacock



Admirable George's Sailor for a Young Woman

plumage, also very fashionable this fall, in spite of dire predictions of those who sincerely believe that peacock feathers are harbingers of ill-luck. A Robux sailor of navy blue velvet has two peacock feathers in gleaming green and blue tones, one at either side of the crown. The feathers start from the back, where the quill ends are thrust through the brim, the "hollow eye" of the feather coming at the front.

Still another fringed sailor is illustrated in the Lewis model of black velvet with an extremely tall split ostrich plume rising from the front. Split, and not braided, ostrich has been used in this case, the ends of the feathers being slightly curled in soft and pleasing effect. One long plume lies on the brim, falling over in a delicate fringe; the other towers aloft, its quill end being held in place under a smart little bow of black velvet ribbon. This hat is all black - velvet, feathers and ribbon bow.

Blackbirds On Winter Hats. Some of the new metal ornaments are very interesting - notably the dashing blackbirds made of metal and spangles. They are the blackest, most delicate things imaginable and give an indistinguishable note of chic to small black velvet hats. Usually the brim of such a sailor is much narrower at the front than at back or sides, and the blackbird is posed dashing against this narrow brim in front. There are also metal roses and metal leaves, and some of the color effects are very rich and attractive. Peacock blue and green hats promise to be extremely popular, and these iridescent trimmings are particularly beautiful on green or blue velvets.

Picture Hats For Her Who Loves

the millinery shops. Women had almost enough of tiny, rakish shapes last summer, and though these have prevailed for first fall wear, it is natural that the pendulum of taste should swing back to large, picture styles before long. Almost without exception the new picture shapes are of velvet, and they are variously trimmed with ostrich, cow, pleated ribbon and conventional flowers. Of the latter type may be cited a hat by Suzanne Tallon which is of black velvet, bound at the brim-edge with black grosgrain ribbon - a very smart detail by the way, and one that will immediately commend itself to the home milliner who covers her own hat frames with velvet. Within the up-rolling, irregular brim of this Turban hat is a wreath of small, natural roses, very stiff, very smart and in tones of Watteau blue, pale yellow and tomato red. Large velvet sails for morning wear have grosgrain ribbon binding around the brim and a band of grosgrain ribbon around the crown. In front, slightly toward the side, is a big cascade of pleated grosgrain ribbon centered by a pleating of velvet and an amber ornament.

Two most charming picture hats are shown on today's page. The Turban model is a triumph in line. It frames the face and the rise of brim and feather at the back is most graceful. This hat, by Carlier, is of black mirror velvet with black crushed ostrich. Nothing at the back is a pale, pale pink rose. The larger hat, a London model, is of chocolate velvet with two planes in chocolate tone and one in deep cream. The brim rolls upward at the front and the balance of the hat is maintained by the arrangement of the plumes.

In cleaning it, sponge, dissolve half a cup of salt in a pint and a half of water. Knead and rub the sponge well in this and then rinse.



In Tete de Negre Tone this Attractive Small Model



Ostrich Fringe softens the Outline of the Sailor Hat

Coiffures now Show the Shape of the Head

Whether the head is a pretty shape or not, its contour is now revealed by the hair arrangement - a fact which is sometimes more patently than pleasantly evident, for not all women have well-shaped heads. Inasmuch as fashion demands close hair-dressings, however, women are willing to take a chance in the matter of revealing cranial lack of symmetry by having their hair or their hairdresses and wigs that are anything but "shell-like." It must be confessed that the

and how fast they have looked this summer, just gone by, with harshly drawn-up hair and hats tipped far over one ear, exposing the other, they would take thought unto themselves and never, never attempt the unattractive effect more. It is much less trouble to keep the hair waved and curled in cool weather, however, so perhaps this winter's coiffure effects may be more pleasing.

The hairdresser has gone out of fashion, no special care must be taken to keep the tendrils of hair at the nape of the neck so soft and curly that they will not drop over the back of the collar in the distressing way that makes the whole coiffure look ill-groomed and slovenly. Those drooping locks also suggest age and they have been called the "forty-year-backs" since in middle life short ends of hair seem to have a tendency to separate themselves from the rest of the coiffure and stand out in unbecoming wisps. This is because the hair has lost its soft, youthful fluffiness and is beginning to become wiry and stiff, preparatory to turning gray. At any rate, now that hairdresses are temporarily abandoned, the "forty-year-backs" must be carefully trained upward and pinned in place with invisible wire hairpins.

Some women have said that the present mode of coiffure is all very well for occasions which must be carefully prepared for, but that it is impossible for everyday because it cannot be hastily arranged. This is quite true, but once arranged, the new hair coiffure will remain in order for many hours and if one will but pin a net over it before lying down, the afternoon may even be taken without disarranging it in marked degree. Women who have hair with a great many short, stiff ends at temples, ears and neck, should wear a net anyway but great care must be taken not to draw the net too tight or a hard effect will result. There are two kinds of nets, one that goes straight across the head and is pinned in place with invisible hairpins at the back, and the other a cup-shaped net, held in around the edge by a fine thread. This is a better net for

probably have to be curled oftener and an electric curler, or one heated over a gas flame, will answer for this. Always wipe off a gas-heated curling iron very carefully with a bit of paper before applying it to the hair, to prevent the accumulated smoke and soot from clogging the hair or turning it darker. If the hot iron chars the paper, to be sure it is too hot to apply to your hair.

There is no heavy knot or twist on top of the head in the new coiffure and the woman who has been relying upon a "switch" may joyfully cast it aside. If the natural hair is long and heavy the ends must be curled and on top of the head, near the crown and this coil will be covered when the ends at front and side are drawn over it and coiled in wavy effect. Remember that the contour is the thing - an unbroken line from nose to nape of neck, revealing the head in silhouette and not marred by protruding coils, figure-eight or puffs. The back hair is usually formed into the French twist first; then the waved front and side locks are drawn back loosely and pinned into place. A handsome comb in the new one-sided shape is thrust in just of all, toward one side of the back.

An example of the use of the comb is shown in an illustration, which



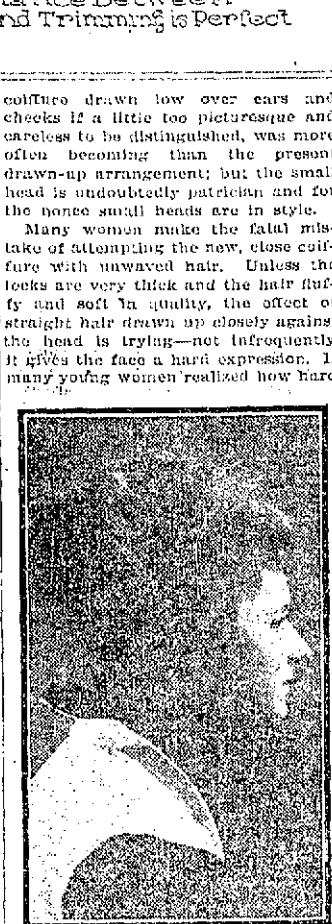
A well-placed comb finishes the model's hairdressing

also shows the very soft, indefinite arrangement of the hair; no parting, no coil and no hard French twist being visible, but just a soft, lovely mass of hair that is neat and dainty without suggesting a tight arrangement anywhere. A front view of this coiffure shows the comb standing out toward one side and the mere hint of a parting - really more like a natural "cowlick" than a made parting.

A more quickly arranged coiffure, suitable for day wear, is shown also. The back hair is twisted and made into a soft, loose figure-eight at the crown of the head. Then waved front and side locks are drawn backward and the ends tucked under the figure-eight.

Black Rooms the Fad

THE fashionable hostess this winter will give her guests afternoon tea in black woodwork cups, set out on a teakwood table, and in the center of the table will be a black jar filled with blazing red and yellow tulips, golden chrysanthemums or scarlet poinsettias. If she is a hostess who can afford to indulge her whims, she will have a whole black and white drawing-room for this is the ultra-fashionable fad just now. Dyeing establishments show signs reading: "Have your rugs and carpets dyed black, we do it," and decorators are specializing in wallpapers of cloudy gray tones which accord artistically with white or black woodwork and black rugs and hangings.



The new Coiffure demands fluffy, well-curled tresses

Dark Hollow

By Anna Katharine Green
Illustrations by C. D. Rhodes
COPYRIGHT 1914 BY DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

Deborah sighed. Whether or not it was quite an honest expression of her feeling she will not inquire. She was there for a definite purpose and her way to it was, as yet, far from plain. The negative with which she followed up this sigh was one of her usual acceptance. She made haste, however, to qualify it.

"But I have not given up all hope. I know as well as any one how impossible the task must prove, unless I can light upon fresh evidence. And where am I to get that? Only from some new witness."

Miss Weeks' polite smile took on an expression of indulgence. This round Deborah's pride, and, hesitating no longer, she anxiously remarked:

"I have sometimes thought that Oliver Ostrander might be that witness. He certainly was in the ravine the night Algernon Etheridge was struck down."

Had she been an experienced actress of years she could not have thrown into this question a greater lack of all innuendo. Miss Weeks, already under her fascination, heard the tone but never thought to notice the quick rise and fall of her visitor's uneasy brow, and so unworried, responded with all due frankness:

"I know he was. But how will that help you? He had no testimony to give in relation to this crime, or he would have given it."

"That is true." The admission fell mechanically from Deborah's lips; she was not conscious, even of making it. Then, as her emotion choked her into silence, she sat with piteous eyes searching Miss Weeks' face, till she had recovered her voice, when she added this vital question:

"How did you know that Oliver was in the ravine that night? I only guessed it."

"Well, it was in this way. I do not often keep my eye on my neighbors (oh, no, Miss Weeks!), but that night I chanced to be looking over the way just at the minute Mr. Etheridge came out, and something I saw in his manner and in that of the figure who had followed him to the door, and in that of Oliver who, eye on hand, was leaning towards them from a window over the porch, made me think that a controversy was going on between the two old people of which Oliver was the object. This naturally interested me, and I watched them long enough to see Oliver suddenly raise his face and shake it at old Etheridge; then, in great rage, slam down the window and disappear inside. The next minute, and before the two below had done talking, I caught another glimpse of him as he dashed around the corner of the house on his way to the ravine."

"And Mr. Etheridge?"

"Oh, he left soon after. I watched him as he went by, his long cloak flapping in the wind. Little did I think he would never pass my window again."

So interested were they both, that neither for the moment realized the strangeness of the situation or that it was in connection with a crime, for which the husband of one of them had suffered, they were raking up this past, and gossiping over its petty details.

Mrs. Scoville sighed and said:

"It couldn't have been very long after you saw him that Mr. Etheridge was struck."

"Only some twenty minutes. It takes just that long for a man to walk from this corner to the bridge."

"And you never heard where Oliver went?"

"It was never talked about at the time. Later, when some hint got about of his having been in the ravine that night, he said he had gone up the ravine, not down it. And we all believed him, madam."

"Of course, of course. What a discriminating mind you have, Miss Weeks, and what a wonderful memory! To think that after all these years you can recall that Oliver had a cap on his head when he looked out of the window at his father and Mr. Etheridge. If you were asked, I have no doubt you could tell its very color. Was it the peaked one?"

"Yes, I could swear to it." And Miss Weeks gave a little laugh, which sounded innocuous enough to Deborah, in whose heart at that moment a leaf was turned upon the past, which left the future hopelessly black.

"Must you go?" Deborah had risen mechanically. "Don't, I beg, till you have relieved my mind about Judge Ostrander. I don't suppose that there is really anything behind that door of his which it would alarm any one to see?"

Then, Deborah understood Miss Weeks.

But she was ready for her.

"I've never seen anything of the sort," said she, "and I make up my mind in that very room every morning."

"Oh! And Miss Weeks drew a deep breath. "No article of immensurable value, such as that rare old bit of gold Satornia in the cabinet over there?"

"No," answered Deborah, with all the patience she could muster. "Judge Ostrander seems very simple in his tastes. I don't see how he would know Satornia if he saw it."

Miss Weeks closed. "Yes, he has never expressed the least wish to look

over my shelves. So the double fence means nothing."

"A whim," ejaculated Deborah, making quietly for the door. "The Judge likes to walk at night when quite through with his work; and he doesn't like his ways to be noted. But he prefers the lawn now. I hear his step out there every night."

"Well, it's something to know that he leads a more normal life than formerly!" sighed the little lady as she prepared to usher her guest out.

Come again, Mrs. Scoville; and, if I may, I will drop in and see you some day."

Deborah accorded her permission and made her final adieu. She felt as if a hand which had been stealing up her chest had suddenly gripped her throat, choking her. She had found the man who had cast that fatal shadow down the ravine, twelve years before.

CHAPTER X.

Anonymous Letters.

Deborah re-entered the judge's house a stricken woman. She reached her room door and was about to enter, when at a sudden thought she paused and let her eyes wander down the hall till they settled on another door, the one she had closed behind her the night before, with the deep resolve never to open it again except under compulsion. A few minutes later she was standing in one of the inner corners of Oliver's study room, reopening a book which she had taken down from the shelves on her former visit. She remembered it from its torn back and the fact that it was an algebra. Turning to the fly leaf, she looked again at the names and schoolboy phrases she had seen scribbled all over its surface, for the one which she remembered as, "I hate algebra."

It had not been a very clearly written "algebra," and she would never have given this interpretation to the scrawl, had she been in a better mood. Now another thought had come to her, and she wanted to see the word again. Was she glad or sorry to have yielded to this impulse, when by a closer inspection she perceived that the word was not "algebra" at all, but "Algernon." I hate Algernon E.—I hate A. E.—I hate Algernon E.—all over the page, and here and there on other pages, sometimes in characters so rubbed and faint as to be almost incredible and again so pressed into the paper by a victim's pencil point as to have broken their way through to the leaf underneath.

The work of an ill-conditioned schoolboy! but—this hate dated back many years. Paler than ever, and with hands trembling almost to the point of incapacity, she put the book back and flew to her own room, the very thoughts bitter almost to madness.

It was the second time in her life that she had been called upon to go through this precise torture. Then, only her own happiness and honor were involved; now it was Reuther's; and the fortitude which sustained her through the ignominy of her own trouble failed her at the prospect of Reuther's. And again, the two cases were not equal. Her husband had had traits which, in a manner, had prepared her for the ready suspicion of people. But Oliver was a man of reputation and kindly heart; and yet, in the course of time this had come, and the question once agitating her as to whether Reuther was a fit mate for him and now evolved itself into this: Was he a fit mate for her?

She had rather have died, may have had Reuther die, than to find herself forced to weigh and decide so momentous a question.

For, however she might feel about it, not a single illusion remained as to whose hand had made use of John Scoville's stick to strike down Algernon Etheridge. How could she have when she came to piece the whole story together, and weigh the facts she had accumulated against Oliver with those which had proved so fatal to her husband?

Deborah shuddered. Aye, the mystery had cleared, but only to enshroud her spirits in snow and make her long with all her burning heart and shuddering soul that death had been her portion before ever she had essayed to lift the veil held down so lightly by those two memorable words.

But was her fault irreparable? The only unanswerable connection between this old crime and Oliver lay in the evidence she had herself collected. As she had every intention of suppressing this evidence, and as she had small dread of any one else digging out the facts to which she only possessed a clue, might she not hope that any suspicious raised by her inquiries would fall like a house of cards when she withdrew her hand from the toppling structure?

She would make her first effort and see. Mr. Black had heard her complaint; he should be the first to learn that the embarrassment she had received was so small that she had decided to accept her present good luck. Without further query, and not hark back to a past which most people had buried.

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"You began it, as women begin most

things, without thought and a due weighing of consequences. And now you propose to drop it in the same freakish manner. Isn't that it?"

Deborah Scoville lifted her eyes in manifest distress and fixed them deprecatingly upon her interrogator.

Mr. Black smiled. The woman delighted him. The admiration which he had hitherto felt for her person and for the character which could so develop through misery and reproach as to make her in twelve short years the exponent of all that was most attractive and bewitching in woman seemed likely to extend to her mind.

"I am reconciled simply from necessity," was her gentle response. "Nothing is more precious to me than Reuther's happiness. I should but endanger it further by raising false hopes. That is why I have come to cry halt."

"Madam, I commend your decision. But why should you characterize your hopes as false, just when there seems to be some justification for them?"

Her eyes widened, and she regarded him with a simulation of surprise, which interested without imposing upon him.

"If I do not understand you," said she, "have you come upon some clue? Have you heard something which I have not?"

Mr. Black took two or three crushed and folded papers from a drawer beside him and, holding them, none too plainly in sight, remarked very quietly, but with legal firmness:

"Do not let us play about the bush any longer. You have announced your intention of making no further attempt to discover the man who in your eyes merited the doom accorded to John Scoville. Your only reason for this—if you are the woman I think you are—is your fear of giving further opportunity to the misguided rancor of an irresponsible writer of anonymous epistles. Am I not right, madam?"

Heaten, beaten by a direct assault, because she possessed the weakness, as well as the pluck, of a woman. She could control the language of her lips, but not their quivering. She could meet his eye with steady gaze, but she could not keep the pallor from her cheeks or subdue the evidence of her heart's turmoil. Her pitiful glance acknowledged her defeat, which she already saw mirrored in his eyes.

Taking it for an answer, he said gently enough:

"That we may understand each other at once, I will mention the person who has been made the subject of these acts. He—"

"Don't speak the name," she prayed.

been thrown by these absurd insinuations. It may even lead to your losing the home which has been so fortunately opened for you. If this occurs you may count on my friendship, Mrs. Scoville. I may have faded you once, but I will not fail you twice."

Surprised, almost touched, she held out her hand, with a cordial "Thank you," in which emotion struggled with her desire to preserve an appearance of complete confidence in Judge Ostrander, and incidentally in his son. Then she turned to go.

The lawyer appeared to acquiesce in the movement of departure. But when he saw her about to vanish through the door some impulse of compassion, as real as it was surprising, led him to call her back and seat her once more in the chair she had so lately left.

"I cannot let you go," said he, "until you understand that these insinuations from a self-called witness would not be worth our attention if there were not a few facts to give color to his wild claims. Oliver Ostrander was in that ravine connecting with Dark Hollow, very near the time of the onslaught on Mr. Etheridge; and he certainly hated the man and wanted him out of the way. The whole town knows that, with one exception. You know that exception?"

"I think so," she answered, taking a fresh grip upon her emotions.

"That this was anything more than a coincidence has never been questioned. He was not even summoned as a witness. With the judge's high reputation in mind I do not think a single person could have been led in those days to suggest any possible connection between this boy and a crime so obviously premeditated. But people's minds change with time and events, and Oliver Ostrander's name uttered in this connection today would not occasion the same shock to the community as it would have done then. You understand me, Mrs. Scoville?"

"You allude to the unexpected separation between himself and father, and not to any failure on his part to sustain the reputation of his family?"

"Oh, he has made a good position for himself, and earned universal consideration. But that doesn't weigh against the prejudices of people, caused by such eccentricities as have distinguished the conduct of these two men."

"Alas!" she murmured, frightened to the soul for the first time, both by his manner and his words.

"You know and I know," he went on with a grave, possibly suggested by his subject, "that no more whims lies back of such a preposterous as-

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"Horrible!" murmured Deborah, drawing back in terror of her own emotion. "It's the work of some implacable enemy taking advantage of the situation I have created. Mr. Black, this man must be found and made to see that no one will believe, not even Scoville's widow."

"Wherever you wouldn't go any further with that," admonished the lawyer. "Have you any idea who this person is?"

"Not the least in the world."

"I ask because of this," he explained, picking out another letter and smilingly holding it out toward her. She read it with flushed cheeks.

Listen to the lady. You can't listen to any one else. What she wants she can get. There's a witness you never saw or heard of."

A witness they had never heard of! What witness? Scarcely could she lift up her eyes from the paper. Yet there was a possibility, of course, that this statement was a lie.

"Still, I can't," murmured the lawyer. "My mind will soon have hold of the writer." His face had taken on a much more serious aspect, and she could no longer complain of his indifference or even of his sarcasm.

"You will give me another opportunity of talking with you on this matter," pursued he. "If you do not come here you may expect to see me at Judge Ostrander's. I do not quite like the position into which you have



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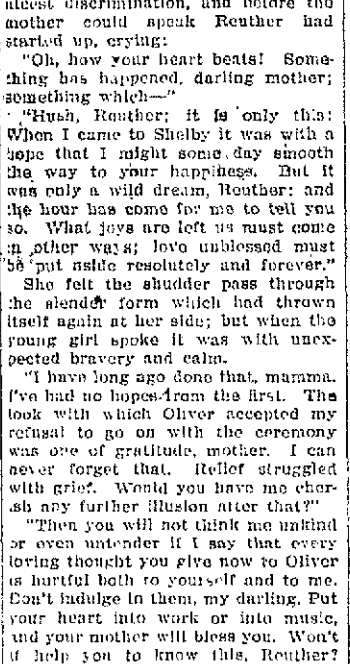
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gently supplemented, with a glance toward his papers lying in a bundle at his elbow, "and she shall not suffer because of this disappointment to her girlish hopes. Tell her so with my love."

It was a plain dismissal. Mrs. Scoville took it as such, and quietly left the room. As she did so she was approached by Reuther, who handed her a letter which had just been delivered. It was from Mr. Black, and read thus:

We have found the rogue and have succeeded in inducing him to leave town. He's a man in the bill-sticking business and he owes to a grievance against the person we know.

Deborah's sleep that night was without dreams.

About this time the restless pacing of the judge in his study at night became more frequent and lasted longer. In vain Reuther played her most cheerful airs and sang her sweetest songs, the monotonous tramp kept up with a regularity nothing could break.

He's worried by the big case now being tried before him," Deborah would say, when Reuther's eyes grew wide and misty in her sympathetic trouble. And there was no improbability in the plea, for it was a case of much moment, and of great local interest. A man was on trial for his life and the circumstances of the case were such that the feeling called forth was unusually bitter; so much so, indeed, that every word uttered by the counsel and every decision made by the judge were discussed from one end of the county to the other, and in Sicily, if nowhere else, took precedence of all other topics, though it was a presidential year and party sympathies ran high.

The more thoughtful spirits were inclined to believe in the innocence of the prisoner; but the lower elements of the town, moved by class prejudice, were bitterly antagonistic to his cause and loud for his conviction.

The time of Judge Ostrander's office was nearly up, and his future continuance on the bench might very easily depend upon his attitude at the present hearing. Yet he, without apparent recognition of this fact, showed without any hesitancy or possibly without self-consciousness, the sympathy he felt for the man at the bar, and ruled accordingly almost without variation.

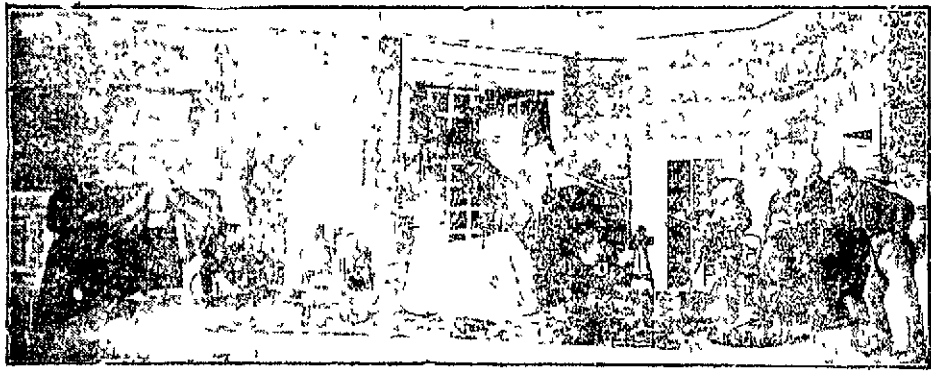
A week passed, and the community was all aflutter in anticipation of the judge's charge in the case just mentioned. It was to be given at noon, and Mrs. Scoville, conscious that he had not slept an hour the night before (having crept down more than once to listen if his step had ceased), approached him as he prepared to leave for the courtroom and anxiously asked if he were quite well.

"Oh, yes, I'm well," he responded sharply, looking about for Reuther. The young girl was standing a little

behind him, with his gloves in her hand—a custom she had fallen into in her desire to have his last look and fond good morning.

"Come here, child," said he, in a way to make her heart beat; and, as he took the gloves from her hand, he stooped and kissed her on the forehead—something he had never done before. "Let me see you smile," said he. "It's a memory I like to take with me into the courtroom."

At the Theatres



ASCEND FROM BILLY THE KID

THE SOISSON.

LAST EVENING.
A play which has been running for a long time at the Soisson Theatre, and which is well known to the audience, is the play "The Soisson". The play is a comedy, and is a very good one. It is a play which is well known to the audience, and is a very good one. It is a play which is well known to the audience, and is a very good one.

THE KID.

THE KID.
The play "The Kid" is a very good one. It is a play which is well known to the audience, and is a very good one. It is a play which is well known to the audience, and is a very good one. It is a play which is well known to the audience, and is a very good one.

THE COLONIAL.

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The play "The Colonial" is a very good one. It is a play which is well known to the audience, and is a very good one. It is a play which is well known to the audience, and is a very good one. It is a play which is well known to the audience, and is a very good one.

THE ARCADE.

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The play "The Arcade" is a very good one. It is a play which is well known to the audience, and is a very good one. It is a play which is well known to the audience, and is a very good one. It is a play which is well known to the audience, and is a very good one.

PLAYING FAST GAME.

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CANADIAN COAL

Total Production in 1913 Was 15,012,178 Short Tons

On Country's History.
More than two hundred years ago, the first discovery of coal in Canada was made by the Indians. The discovery of coal in Canada was made by the Indians. The discovery of coal in Canada was made by the Indians. The discovery of coal in Canada was made by the Indians.

The total production of coal in 1913 was 15,012,178 short tons.
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